

**Hark, My Soul, How Everything**  
Words: John Austin (1613-1669).  
Music: Magdalen Chapel Hymns, ca. 1760.

Hark, my soul, how everything  
Strives to serve our bounteous King;  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its parts, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir  
Him with cheerful notes admire;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring;  
If heaven bless them, thankful, they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord;  
We, on whom His bounty flows,  
All things give, and nothing owe.

Wake! for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake! and gladly sing thy part;  
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid;  
Since 'twas He whole nature made;  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong.

Live forever, glorious Lord!  
Live by all Thy works adored,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
Thrice we bow to Thee alone.